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ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

A

POEM.

-------Si Propiùs ſtes
Te Capiet Magis------

The Fifth Edition; Augmented and Reviſed.

LONDON,
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TO THE
READER.

'TIS not my intention to make an Apology for my *Poem*: Some will think it needs no Excuſe; and others will receive none. The Deſign I am ſure is honeſt: but he who draws his Pen for one Party, muſt expect to make Enemies of the other. For, *Wit* and *Fool*, are Conſequents of *Whig* and *Tory*: And every man is a Knave or an Aſs to the contrary ſide. There's a Treaſury of Merits in the *Phanatick Church*, as well as in the *Papiſt*; and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintſhip, Honeſty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longeſt Chapter in *Deuteronomy*, has not Curſes enough for an Anti-*Bromingham*. My Comfort is, their manifeſt Prejudice to my Cauſe, will render their Judgement of leſs Authority againſt me. Yet if a *Poem* have a *Genius*, it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a ſweetneſs in good Verſe, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleaſes him againſt his will. The Commendation of Adverſaries is the greateſt Triumph of a Writer; becauſe it never comes unleſs Extorted. But I can be ſatisfied on more eaſie terms: If I happen to pleaſe the more Moderate ſort, I ſhall be ſure of an honeſt Party; and, in all probability, of the beſt Judges: for the leaſt Concern'd, are commonly the leaſt Corrupt. And, I confeſs, I have laid in for thoſe, by rebating the *Satyr*, (where Juſtice woud allow it) from carrying too ſharp an Edge. They who can Criticize ſo weakly, as to imagine I have done my Worſt, may be convinc'd, at their own Coſt, that I can write Severely, with more eaſe, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at ſome mens Follies, when I coud have declaim'd againſt their Vices: and, other mens Vertues I have commended, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And now, if you are a Malicious *Reader*, I expect you ſhould return upon me, that I affect to be thought more Impartial than I am. But, if men are not to be judg'd by their Profeſſions, God forgive you *Common-wealths-men*, for profeſſing ſo plauſibly for the Government. You cannot be ſo Unconſcionable, as to charge me for not Subſcribing of my Name; for that woud reflect too groſly upon your own Party, who never dare; though they have the advantage of a Jury to ſecure them. If you like not my *Poem*, the fault may, poſſibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an Author to judge againſt himſelf;) But more probably 'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The Violent, on both ſides, will condemn the Character of *Abſalom*, as either too favourably, or too hardly drawn. But they are not the Violent, whom I deſire to pleaſe. The fault, on the right hand, is to Extenuate, Palliate and Indulge; and, to confeſs freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Beſides the reſpect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Vertues: and, *David* himſelf, could not be more tender of the Young-mans Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, ſince the moſt excellent natures are always the moſt eaſie; and, as being ſuch, are the ſooneſt perverted by ill Counſels, eſpecially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withſtood not the temptations of *Achitophel*, than it was for *Adam*, not to have reſiſted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman. The concluſion of the Story, I purpoſely forbore to proſecute: becauſe I could not obtain from my ſelf, to ſhew *Abſalom* Unfortunate. The Frame of it, was cut out, but for a Picture to the Waſte; and, if the Draught be ſo far true, 'tis as much as I deſign'd.

Were I the Inventer, who am onely the Hiſtorian, I ſhould certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of *Abſalom* to *David*. And, who knows but this may come to paſs? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story: there ſeems, yet, to be room left for a Compoſure: hereafter, there may only be for Pity. I have not ſo much as an uncharitable wiſh againſt *Achitophel*; but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Errour; and to hope with *Origen*, that the Devil himſelf may, at laſt, be ſav'd. For which reaſon, in this *Poem*, he is neither brought to ſet his Houſe in order, nor to diſpoſe of his Perſon afterwards, as he in Wiſedom ſhall think fit. God is infinitely mercifull; and his Vicegerent is onely not ſo, becauſe he is not Infinite.

The true end of *Satyr*, is the amendment of Vice by correction. And he who writes Honeſtly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Phyſician to the Patient when he preſcribes harſh Remedies to an inveterate Diſeaſe: for thoſe, are onely in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an *Enſe reſcindendum*, which I wiſh not to my very Enemies. To conclude all; if the Body Politique have any Analogy to the Natural in my weak judgement, an Act of *Oblivion* were as neceſſary in a Hot, Diſtemper'd State, as an *Opiate* would be in a Raging Fever.

T O

TO THE UNKNOWN
AUTHOR
Of this
Excellent Poem.

TAke it as Earneſt of a Faith renew'd,
Your Theam is vaſt, your Verſe divinely good:
Where, tho the Nine their beauteous ſtroaks repeat,
And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,
It looks as if they ſtrook 'em at a heat.
So all Serenely Great, ſo Juſt, refin'd,
Like Angels love to humane Seed inclin'd,
It ſtarts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.
'Tis Spirit ſeen, whoſe fiery Atoms roul,
So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.
'Tis minuture of Man, but he's all heart;
'Tis what the World woud be, but wants the Art:
To whom ev'n the Phanaticks Altars raiſe,
Bow in their own deſpight, and grin your praiſe.
As if a Milton *from the dead aroſe,*
Fil'd off his Ruſt, and the right Party choſe.
Nor, Sir be ſhock'd at what the Gloomy ſay,
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too ſplay.
'Tis Gracious all, and Great: Puſh on your Theam,
Lean your griev'd head on David's *Diadem.*
David *that rebel* Iſraels *envy mov'd,*
David *by God and all Good Men belov'd.*

The beauties of your Abſalom *excel:*
But more the Charms of Charming Annabel;
Of Annabel, *than* May's *firſt Morn more bright,*
Chearfull as Summer's Noon, and Chaſt as Winter's Night.
Of Annabel *the Muſes deareſt Theam,*
Of Annabel *the Angel of my dream.*
Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
And to your Maſter-piece theſe Shadows ſend.

TO

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR Of this Admirable Poem.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boasted fire
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;
Of Folly or of Madness did accuse
The Wretch that thought himself possest with Muse;
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inspire
With more than humane thoughts the tunefull Quire;
But sure 'tis more than Fansie, or the Dream
Of Rhimers slumbring by the Muses stream.
Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From Earthly dross, fills the great Poet's Mind.
Witness these mighty and immortal Lines,
Through each of which th' informing Genius *shines.*
Scarce a diviner Flame inspir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muse does so sublimely sing.
Not David's *self could in a Nobler Verse*
His gloriously offending Son rehearse,
Thô in his Breast the Prophet's Fury met
The Father's Fondness and the Poet's Wit.

Here all consent in Wonder and in Praise,
And to the Unknown Poet Altars raise.
Which thou must needs accept with equal joy,
As when Ænæas *heard the Wars of* Troy,
Wrapt up himself in darkness and unseen,
Extoll'd with Wonder by the Tyrian *Queen.*
Sure thou already art secure of Fame,
Nor want'st new Glories to exalt thy Name:
What Father else wou'd have refus'd to own
So great a Son as God-like Absalon?

R. D.

TO THE CONCEAL'D AUTHOR OF THIS INCOMPARABLE POEM.

HAil Heav'n-born Muſe! hail ev'ry Sacred page!
The Glory of our Life and of our Age.
Th' inſpiring Sun to Albion *draws more nigh,*
The North at length teems with a Work to vie
With Homer's *Flame and* Virgil's *Majeſty,*
While Pindus *lofty Heights our Poet ſought,*
(His raviſht Mind with vaſt Idea's *fraught)*
Our Language fail'd beneath his riſing Thought:
This checks not his Attempt, for Maro's *Mines,*
He dreins of all their Gold t'adorn his Lines;
Through each of which the Mantuan Genius *ſhines.*
The Rock obey'd the pow'rfull Hebrew Guide,
Her ſtinty Breaſt diſſolv'd into a Tide:
Thus on our ſtubborn Language he prevails,
And makes the Helicon *in which he ſails.*
The Dialect as well as Senſe invents,
And with his Poem, a new Speech preſents.
Hail then thou matchleſs Bard, thou great Unknown,
That give your Countrey Fame yet ſhun your own!
In vain------for ev'ry where your Praiſe you find,
And not to meet it, you muſt ſhun Mankind.
Your Loyal Theam each Loyal Reader draws,
And ev'n the Factious give your Verſe applauſe,
Whoſe Lightening ſtrikes to ground their Idol Cauſe.
The Cauſe for whoſe dear ſake they drank a Floud
Of Civil Gore, nor ſpar'd the Royal-bloud:
The Cauſe whoſe growth to cruſh, our Prelates wrote
In vain, almoſt in vain our Hero's *fought,*
Yet by one Stabb of your keen Satyr dies:
Before your Sacred Lines their Shatter'd Dagon *lies.*
Oh! If unworthy we appear to know
The Sire, to whom this Lovely Birth we owe:
(Deny'd our ready Homage to expreſs,
And can at beſt but thankfull be by gueſs:)
This hope remains,------May David's *God-like Mind,*
(For him 'twas wrote,) the Unknown Author find:
And, having found, ſhow'r equal Favours down
On Wit ſo vaſt as cou'd oblige a Crown.

N. T.

ABSA

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

IN pious Times, e'er Prieſt-Craft did begin,
Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin;
When Man, on many, multipli'd his kind,
E'er one to one was, curſedly, confin'd:
When Nature prompted, and no Law deni'd
Promiſcuous Uſe of Concubine and Bride;
Then, *Iſrael*'s Monarch, after Heav'ns own heart,
His vigorous warmth did, variouſly, impart
To Wives and Slaves: And, wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear;
A Soil ungrateful to the Tiller's care:
Not ſo the reſt; for ſeveral Mothers bore
To God-like *David*, ſeveral Sons before.
But, ſince like Slaves his Bed they did aſcend,
No true Succeſſion cou'd their Seed attend.

Of all this Numerous Progeny was none
So Beautifull, ſo Brave as *Abſalon*:
Whether, inſpir'd by ſome diviner Luſt,
His Father got him with a greater Guſt;
Or that his Conſcious Deſtiny made way,
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
Early in Foreign Fields he won Renown,
With Kings and States alli'd to *Iſrael*'s Crown:
In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,
And ſeem'd as he were only born for Love.
What e'er he did, was done with ſo much eaſe,
In him alone, 'twas Natural to pleaſe:
His motions all accompani'd with grace;
And *Paradiſe* was open'd in his face.
With ſecret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
His Youthfull Image in his Son renew'd:
To all his wiſhes Nothing he deni'd;
And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
What faults he had (for who from faults is free?)
His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not ſee.
Some warm exceſſes, which the Law forbore,
Were conſtru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er:
And *Amnon*'s Murther, by a ſpecious Name,
Was call'd a juſt Revenge for injur'd Fame.
Thus Prais'd, and Lov'd, the Noble Youth remain'd,
While *David*, Undiſturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.
But Life can never be ſincerely bleſt:
Heav'n puniſhes the bad, and proves the beſt.
The *Jews*, a Head-ſtrong, Moody, Murm'ring race,
As ever tri'd th' extent and ſtretch of Grace;
God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with eaſe,
No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd pleaſe;
(Gods they had tri'd of every ſhape and ſize,
That God-ſmiths cou'd produce, or Preiſts deviſe:)
Theſe *Adam*-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted Liberty;

And when no rule, no preſident was found
Of men, by laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound;
They led their wild deſires to Woods and Caves,
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
Made fooliſh *Iſhboſheth* the Crown forego;
Who baniſht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
And, with a General ſhout, proclaim'd him King:
Thoſe very *Jews*, who, at their very beſt,
Their humour more than Loyalty expreſt,
Now, wondred why, ſo long, they had obey'd
An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
Thought they might ruine him they cou'd create;
Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
But theſe were random Bolts: No form'd Deſign,
Nor intereſt made the Factious Croud to joyn:
The ſober part of *Iſrael*, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peacefull Reign:
And, looking backward with a wiſe affright,
Saw Seams of wounds, diſhoneſt to the ſight:
In contemplation of whoſe ugly Scars,
They curſt the memory of Civil Wars.
The moderate ſort of Men thus qualifi'd,
Inclin'd the Balance to the better ſide:
And, *David*'s mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The bad found no occaſion to Rebel.
But, when to Sin our byaſt Nature leans,
The carefull Devil is ſtill at hand with means;
And providently Pimps for ill deſires:
The Good Old Cauſe reviv'd, a Plot requires.
Plots, true or falſe, are neceſſary things,
To raiſe up Common-wealths, and ruine Kings.

Th' Inhabitants of old *Jeruſalem*
Were *Jebuſites:* the Town ſo call'd from them;
And theirs the Native right——

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But theſe were random Bolts: No form'd Deſign,
Nor intereſt made the Factious Croud to joyn:
The ſober part of *Iſrael*, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peacefull Reign:
And, looking backward with a wiſe affright,
Saw Seams of wounds, diſhoneſt to the ſight:
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The moderate ſort of Men thus qualifi'd,
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Were *Jebuſites:* the Town ſo call'd from them;
And theirs the Native right——

But when the choſen People grew more ſtrong,
The rightfull cauſe at length became the wrong:
And every loſs the men of *Jebus* bore,
They ſtill were thought God's enemies the more.
Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they muſt to *David*'s Government:
Impoveriſh't and depriv'd of all Command,
Their Taxes doubled as they loſt their Land;
And, what was harder yet to fleſh and blood,
Their Gods diſgrac'd, and burnt like common Wood.
This ſet the Heathen Prieſthood in a flame;
For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame:
Of whatſoe'er deſcent their Godhead be,
Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
The *Jewiſh Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
In this conclude them honeſt men and wiſe:
For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
T' eſpouſe his Cauſe by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the Nations Curſe,
Bad in it ſelf, but repreſented worſe.
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decri'd;
With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deni'd.
Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
But ſwallow'd in the Maſs, unchew'd and crude.
Some Truth there was, but daſh'd and brew'd with Lies;
To pleaſe the Fools and puzzle all the Wiſe.
Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.
Th' *Egyptian* Rites the *Jebuſites* embrac'd;
Where Gods were recommended by their taſte.
Such ſav'ry Deities muſt needs be good,
As ſerv'd at once for Worſhip and for Food.
By force they could not Introduce theſe Gods;
For Ten to One, in former dayes, was odds.

So

So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificers Trade,)
Fools are more hard to Conquer than Perſwade.
Their buſie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
And rak'd for Converts, even the Court and Stews:
Which *Hebrew Prieſts* the more unkindly took,
Becauſe the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
Some thought they God's Anointed meant to ſlay
By Guns, invented ſince full many a day:
Our Author ſwears it not; but who can know
How far the Devil and *Jebuſites* may go?
This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Senſe,
Had yet a deep and dangerous Conſequence:
For, as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,
The ſtanding Lake ſoon floats into a Floud;
And every hoſtile Humour, which before
Slept quiet in its Chanels, bubbles o'er:
So, ſeveral Factions from this firſt Ferment,
Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
Some by their Friends, more by themſelves thought wiſe,
Oppos'd the Power, to which they could not riſe.
Some had in Courts been Great, and thrown from thence,
Like Fiends, were harden'd in Impenitence.
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown,
From Pardon'd Rebels, Kinſmen to the Throne;
Were raiſ'd in Pow'r and publick Office high:
Strong Bands, if Bands ungratefull men cou'd tie.
Of theſe the falſe *Achitophel* was firſt,
A Name to all ſucceeding Ages curſt.
For cloſe Deſigns, and crooked Counſels fit;
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of wit:
Reſtleſs, unfixt in Principles and Place;
In Power unpleas'd, impatient of Diſgrace.
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay:
And o'er inform'd the Tenement of Clay.

A daring

A daring Pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high
He fought the Storms; but for a Calm unfit,
Would Steer too nigh the Sands, to boaſt his Wit.
Great Wits are ſure to Madneſs near alli'd;
And thin Partitions do their Bounds divide:
Elſe, why ſhould he, with Wealth and Honour bleſt,
Refuſe his Age the needfull hours of Reſt?
Puniſh a Body which he cou'd not pleaſe;
Bankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of Eaſe?
And all to leave, what with his Toil he won,
To that unfeather'd, two legg'd thing, a Son:
Got, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;
And born a ſhapeleſs Lump, like Anarchy.
In Frendſhip falſe, implacable in Hate:
Reſolv'd to Ruine or to Rule the State.
To Compaſs this, the Triple Bond he broke;
The Pillars of the Publick Safety ſhook:
And fitted *Iſrael* for a Foreign Yoke.
Then, ſeiz'd with Fear, yet ſtill affecting Fame,
Uſurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.
So eaſie ſtill it proves in Factious Times,
With publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:
How ſafe is Treaſon, and how ſacred ill,
Where none can ſin againſt the Peoples Will?
Where Crouds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own.
Yet, Fame deſerv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
The Stateſman we abhor, but praiſe the Judge.
In *Iſraels* Courts ne'er ſat an *Abbethdin*
With more diſcerning Eyes, or Hands more clean:
Unbrib'd, unſought, the Wretched to redreſs;
Swift of Diſpatch, and eaſie of Acceſs.
Oh, had he been content to ſerve the Crown,
With Vertues only proper to the Gown;

Or, had the rankneſs of the Soil been freed
From Cockle, that oppreſt the Noble Seed:
David, for him his tunefull Harp had ſtrung,
And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
But wild Ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand;
And Fortunes Ice prefers to Vertues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to poſſeſs
A lawfull Fame and lazy Happineſs,
Diſdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free,
And lent the Croud his Arm to ſhake the Tree.
Now, manifeſt of Crimes, contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold Defiance with his Prince:
Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cauſe,
Againſt the Crown, and ſculk'd behind the Laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the Plot he takes;
Some Circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing Emiſſaries, fills the ears
Of liſtening Crouds, with Jealouſies and Fears
Of Arbitrary Counſels brought to light,
And proves the King himſelf a *Jebuſite*.
Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with People eaſie to Rebel.
For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
Tread the ſame Track when ſhe the Prime renews:
And once in twenty Years, their Scribes Record,
By natural Inſtinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a Chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as War-like *Abſalon*:
Not, that he wiſh'd his Greatneſs to create,
(For Polititians neither love nor hate:)
But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
Wou'd keep him ſtill depending on the Croud:
That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracie.
Him he attempts, with ſtudied Arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his Venome, in ſuch words as theſe.

Auſpicious Prince! at whoſe Nativity
Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;
Thy longing Countries Darling and Deſire;
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
Their ſecond *Moſes*, whoſe extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and ſhews the promis'd Land:
Whoſe dawning day, in every diſtant Age,
Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophets rage:
The Peoples Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theam,
The Young mens Viſion, and the Old mens Dream!
Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confeſs;
And, never ſatisfi'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift, unbeſpoken Pomps, thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering Babes are taught to liſp thy Name.
How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?
Content inglorioufly to paſs thy days,
Like one of Vertues Fools that Feeds on Praiſe;
Till thy freſh Glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow Stale and Tarniſh with our dayly ſight.
Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit muſt be,
Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
Heav'n, has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
Whoſe Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
(For humane Good depends on humane Will,)
Our Fortune rolls as from a ſmooth Deſcent,
And, from the firſt Impreſſion, takes the Bent:

But, if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind;
And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her Locks before her as ſhe flies.
Had thus Old *David*, from whoſe Loins you ſpring,
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,

At *Gath* an Exile he might ſtill remain;
And Heav'ns Anointing Oyl had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsfull Youth your hopes engage;
But ſhun th' example of Declining Age:
Behold him ſetting in his Weſtern Skies,
The ſhadows lengthning as the Vapours riſe.
He is not now, as when on *Jordan's* Sand
The joyfull People throng'd to ſee him Land,
Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand*:
But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
Comes tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light:
Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn:
(Our only bleſſing ſince his curſt Return:)
Thoſe heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
Blown off, and ſcatter'd by a puff of Wind.
What ſtrength can he to your Deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of Friends, and round beſet with Foes?
If *Pharaoh's* doubtfull Succour he ſhould uſe,
A Foreign Aid wou'd more incenſe the *Jews*:
Proud *Egypt* wou'd diſſembled Friendſhip bring;
Foment the War, but not ſupport the King:
Nor wou'd the Royal Party e'er unite
With *Pharaoh's* Arms, t' aſſiſt the *Jebuſite*;
Or if they ſhou'd, their Intereſt ſoon wou'd break,
And, with ſuch odious Aid, make *David* weak.
All ſorts of men, by my ſucceſsfull Arts,
Abhorring Kings, eſtrange their alter'd Hearts
From *David's* Rule: And 'tis the general Cry,
Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;
What may not *Iſrael* hope, and what Applauſe
Might ſuch a General gain by ſuch a Cauſe?
Not barren Praiſe alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
Fair only to the ſight, but ſolid Pow'r:

And

And Nobler is a limited Command,
Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
Than a Succeſſive Title, Long and Dark,
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah*'s Ark.

What cannot Praiſe effect in Mighty Minds,
When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
Deſire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed,
Yet, ſprung from High, is of Celeſtial Seed:
In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aſpire,
'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.
Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame;
Unwarily was led from Vertues ways;
Made drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with Praiſe.
Half loath, and half conſenting to the Ill,
(For Royal Bloud within him ſtruggled ſtill)
He thus Repli'd------And what Pretence have I
To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?
My Father Governs with unqueſtion'd Right:
The Faiths Defender, and Mankinds Delight:
Good, Gracious, Juſt, Obſervant of the Laws;
And Heav'n by Wonder has eſpous'd his Cauſe.
Whom has he Wrong'd in all his Peacefull Reign?
Who ſues for Juſtice to his Throne in Vain?
What Millions has he Pardon'd of his Foes,
Whom Juſt Revenge did to his Wrath expoſe?
Mild, Eaſie, Humble, Studious of our Good;
Enclin'd to Mercy, and averſe from Bloud.
If Mildneſs Ill with Stubborn *Iſrael* Suit,
His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
What coud he gain, his People to Betray,
Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?
Let Haughty *Pharaoh* Curſe with ſuch a Reign,
His Fruitfull *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.

If

If *David's* Rule *Jeruſalem* Diſpleaſe,
The *Dog-ſtar* heats their Brains to this Diſeaſe.
Why then ſhould I, Encouraging the Bad,
Turn Rebel, and run Popularly Mad?
Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawleſs Might,
Oppreſt the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebuſite*,
Well might I Mourn; but Natures holy Bands
Woud Curb my Spirits, and reſtrain my Hands:
The People might aſſert their Liberty;
But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
His Favour leaves me nothing to require;
Prevents my Wiſhes, and out-runs Deſire;
What more can I expect while *David* lives?
All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:
And that: But there he paus'd; then Sighing ſaid,
Is Juſtly deſtin'd for a Worthier Head.
For when my Father from his Toyls ſhall Reſt,
And late Augment the Number of the Bleſt:
His Lawfull Iſſue ſhall the Throne aſcend;
Or the *Collat'ral* Line where that ſhall end.
His Brother, though Oppreſt with Vulgar Spight,
Yet Dauntleſs and Secure of Native Right,
Of every Royal Vertue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the Braveſt, and the Beſt.
His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim;
His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy e'en th' Offending Croud will find:
For ſure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
Why ſhould I then Repine at Heavens Decree;
Which gives me no Pretence to Royalty?
Yet oh that Fate, Propitiouſly Inclin'd,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind;
To my large Soul, not all her Treaſure lent,
And then betrai'd it to a mean Deſcent.
I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David's* Part diſdains my Mothers Mold.

Why am I ſcanted by a Niggard Birth?
My Soul diſclaims the Kindred of her Earth:
And, made for Empire, Whiſpers me within;
Deſire of Greatneſs is a God-like Sin.

Him Staggering ſo when Hells dire Agent found,
While fainting Vertue ſcarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours freſh Forces in, and thus Replies:
Th' Eternal God, Supremely Good and Wiſe,
Imparts not theſe Prodigious Gifts in vain;
What Wonders are Reſerv'd to bleſs your Reign?
Againſt your will your Arguments have ſhown,
Such Vertue's onely given to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildneſs I contemn;
But manly force becomes the Diadem.
'Tis true, he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For Laviſh Grants ſuppoſe a Monarch tame,
And more his Goodneſs than his Wit proclaim.
But when ſhould People ſtrive their Bonds to break,
If not when Kings are Negligent or Weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty *Sanhedrin* ſhall keep him poor:
And every Sheckle which he can receive,
Shall coſt a Limb of his Prerogative.
To ply him with new Plots, ſhall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in ſome expenſive War;
Which when his Treaſure can no more ſupply,
He muſt, with the Remains of Kingſhip, buy
His faithfull Friends, our Jealouſies and Fears
Call *Jebuſites*, and *Pharaoh*'s Penſioners:
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He ſhall be naked left to publick Scorn.
The next Succeſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;

Turn'd

Turn'd all his Vertues to his Overthrow,
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
His Right, for Sums of neceſſary Gold,
Shall firſt be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
Till time ſhall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To paſs your doubtfull Title into Law:
If not; the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Truſt,
Which when reſum'd, can be no longer Juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general Good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
If altering that, the People can relieve,
Better one ſuffer, than a Nation grieve.
The *Jews* well know their Pow'r: e'er *Saul* they choſe,
God was their King, and God they durſt Depoſe.
Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame;
The Publick Good, that Univerſal Call,
To which even Heav'n ſubmitted, anſwers all.
Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
'Tis Natures trick to propagate her Kind.
Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
Love but themſelves in their Poſterity.
Or let his Kindneſs by th' Effects be tri'd,
Or let him lay his vain Pretence aſide.
God ſaid he lov'd your Father; could he bring
A better Proof, than to Anoint him King?
It ſurely ſhew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
Who gave ſo fair a Flock as *Iſrael*.
Woud *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
What means he then, to Alienate the Crown?
The name of Godly he may bluſh to bear:
'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
To you a Legacy of Barren Land:

Perhaps

Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays:
Or ſome dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praiſe.
Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wiſe,
Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
Sees through the thin Diſguiſes of your Arts,
And markes your Progreſs in the Peoples Hearts.
Though now his mighty Soul its Greif contains;
He meditates Revenge who leaſt complains.
And like a Lion, Slumbering in the way,
Or Sleep diſſembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearleſs Foes within his Diſtance draws;
Conſtrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws:
Till at the laſt, his time for Fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden Vengeance from the Ground:
The Proſtrate Vulgar, paſſes o'er, and Spares;
But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears.
Your Caſe no tame Expedients will afford:
Reſolve on Death, or Conqueſt by the Sword,
Which for no leſs a Stake than Life, you Draw;
And Self-defence is Natures Eldeſt Law.
Leave the warm People no Conſidering time:
For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.
Prevail your ſelf of what Occaſion gives,
But trie your Title while your Father lives:
And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence
Whoſe Sacred Life each minute would Expoſe,
To Plots, from ſeeming Friends, and ſecret Foes.
And who can ſound the depth of *David*'s Soul?
Perhaps his fear, his kindneſs may Controul.
He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by Force he wiſhes to be gain'd:
Like Womens Leachery, to ſeem Conſtrain'd:
Doubt not: but when he moſt affects the Frown.
Commit a pleaſing Rape upon the Crown.

Secure

Secure his Perſon to ſecure your Cauſe;
They who poſſeſs the Prince, poſſeſs the Laws.

He ſaid, And this Advice above the reſt,
With *Abſalom*'s Mild Nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition ſet aſide,)
Not ſtain'd with Cruelty, nor puft with Pride.
How happy had he been, if Deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not ſo high!
His Kingly Vertues might have claim'd a Throne;
And blest all other Countries but his own.
But charming Greatneſs, ſince ſo few refuſe;
'Tis Juſter to Lament him, than Accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
With Blandiſhments to gain the publick Love;
To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
And Popularly proſecute the Plot.
To further this, *Achitophel* Unites
The Malecontents of all the *Iſraelites*:
Whoſe differing Parties he could wiſely Joyn,
For ſeveral Ends to ſerve the ſame Deſign.
The Beſt, and of the Princes ſome were ſuch,
Who thought the Pow'r of Monarchy too much:
Miſtaken men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
Not Wicked, but ſeduc'd by Impious Arts.
By theſe the Springs of Property were bent,
And wound ſo high they Crack'd the Government.
The next for intereſt ſought t' embroil the State,
To ſell their Duty at a dearer rate;
And make their *Jewiſh* Markets of the Throne;
Pretending Publick Good, to ſerve their own.
Others thought Kings an uſeleſs heavy Load,
Who Coſt too much, and did too little Good.
Theſe were for laying honeſt *David* by,
On Principles of pure good Husbandry.

With them joyn'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.
Who follow next, a double danger bring;
Not only hating *David*, but the King;
The *Solymæan* Rout; well Vers'd of old,
In Godly Faction, and in Treaſon bold;
Cowring and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword,
But Lofty to a Lawfull Prince Reſtor'd;
Saw with Diſdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
And Scorn'd by *Jebuſites* to be Out-done.
Hot *Levites* Headed theſe; who pull'd before
From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
Reſum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Crie,
Perſu'd their old belov'd Theocracie.
Where *Sanhedrin* and Prieſt enſlav'd the Nation,
And juſtifi'd their Spoils by Inſpiration:
For who ſo fit for Reign as *Aaron*'s Race,
If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
Theſe led the Pack; though not of ſureſt ſcent,
Yet deepeſt mouth'd againſt the Government.
A numerous Hoſt of dreaming Saints ſucceed;
Of the true old Enthuſiaſtick Breed:
'Gainſt Form and Order they their Pow'r employ;
Nothing to Build, and all things to Deſtroy.
But far more numerous was the Herd of ſuch,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
Theſe, out of mere inſtinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
And, by the ſame blind Benefit of Fate,
The Devil and the *Jebuſite* did hate:
Born to be ſav'd, even in their own deſpight;
Becauſe they could not help believing right.
Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of ſprouting heads too long to ſcore.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the firſt Rank of theſe did *Zimri* ſtand:

A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankinds Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was Every thing by ſtarts, and Nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymiſt, Fidler, States-Man, and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking,
Beſides ten thouſand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt Madman, who coud every hour employ,
With ſomething New to wiſh, or to enjoy!
Railing and praiſing were his uſual theams;
And both (to ſhew his Judgement) in Extremes:
So over-Violent, or over-Civil,
That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
In ſquandring Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Deſert.
Begger'd by Fools, whom ſtill he found too late:
He had his Jeſt, and they had his Eſtate.
He laugh'd himſelf from Court; then ſought Relief
By forming Parties, but could ne'er be Chief:
For, ſpight of him, the weight of Buſineſs fell
On *Abſalom* and wiſe *Achitophel*:
Thus, Wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of that was left.

Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearſe
Of Lords, below the dignity of Verſe.
Wits, Warriers, Commonwealths-men, were the beſt:
Kind Husbands and mere Nobles all the reſt.
And, therefore in the name of Dulneſs, be
The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
Who made new Porridge for the Paſchal Lamb.
Let Friendſhips holyBand ſome Names aſſure:
Some their own Worth, and ſome let Scorn ſecure.

Nor

Nor ſhall the Raſcal Rabble here have Place,
Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who coud Statutes draw
To mean Rebellion, and make Treaſon Law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worſe,
The Wretch, who Heav'ns Anointed dar'd to Curſe.
Shimei, whoſe Youth did early Promiſe bring
Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
Did wiſely from Expenſive Sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
Or Curſe, unleſs againſt the Government.
Thus, heaping Wealth, by the moſt ready way
Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray;
The City, to reward his pious Hate
Againſt his Maſter, choſe him Magiſtrate:
His Hand a Vare of Juſtice did uphold;
His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
During his Office, Treaſon was no Crime.
The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time:
For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himſelf:
When two or three were gather'd to declaim
Againſt the Monarch of *Jeruſalem*,
Shimei was always in the midſt of them.
And, if they Curſt the King when he was by,
Would rather Curſe, than break good Company.
If any durſt his Factious Friends accuſe,
He pact a Jury of diſſenting *Jews*:
Whoſe fellow-feeling in the godly Cauſe,
Woud free the ſuff'ring Saint from Humane Laws.
For Laws were onely made to puniſh thoſe
Who ſerve the King, and to protect his Foes.
If any leiſure time he had from Pow'r,
(Becauſe 'tis Sin to miſ-employ an hour;)

His

His Bus'neſs was, by Writing, to perſwade,
That Kings were Uſeleſs, and a Clog to Trade:
And, that his noble Style he might refine,
No *Rechabite* more ſhun'd the Fumes of Wine.
Chaſte were his Cellars; and his Shrieval Board
The Groſsneſs of a City Feaſt abhor'd:
His Cooks, with long diſuſe, their Trade forgot;
Cool was his Kitchin, though his Brains were hot.
Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuſe;
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the *Jews:*
For Towns once burnt, ſuch Magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
But free from Fleſh, that made the *Jews* rebel:
And *Moſes*'s Laws he held in more account,
For Forty days of faſting in the Mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well breath'd Witneſs of the Plot:
Yet, *Corah*, thou ſhalt from Oblivion paſs;
Erect thy ſelf thou Monumental Braſs:
High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
While Nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet Comets riſe
From Earthy Vapours e'er they ſhine in Skies.
Prodigious Actions may as well be done
By Weaver's Iſſue, as by Prince's Son.
This Arch-Atteſtor for the Publick Good,
By that one Deed Enobles all his Blood.
Who ever ask'd the Witneſſes high Race,
Whoſe Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
His Tribe were God-Almightie's Gentlemen.
Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:
His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
A Church Vermillion and a *Moſes*'s Face.

His Memory miraculouſly great,
Coud Plots, exceeding mans belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
For humane Wit coud never ſuch deviſe.
Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
But, where the Witneſs fail'd, the Prophet ſpoke:
Some things like Viſionary flights appear;
The ſpirit caught him up, the Lord knows where:
And gave him his *Rabinical* Degree,
Unknown to Foreign Univerſity.
His Judgement yet his Mem'ry did excel;
Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence ſo well;
And ſuited to the temper of the Times;
Then groaning under *Jebuſitick* Crimes.
Let *Iſraels* Foes ſuſpect his Heav'nly call,
And raſhly judge his Writ Apocryphal:
Our Laws for ſuch affronts have Forfeits made:
He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
Were I my ſelf in Witneſs *Corah*'s place,
The Wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace,
Shoud whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince deſpiſe,
And load his Perſon with Indignities:
But Zeal peculiar privilege affords;
Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words,
And *Corah* might for *Agag*'s Murther call:
In terms as courſe as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul.*
What others in his Evidence did joyn,
(The beſt that coud be had for love or coin,)
In *Corah*'s own predicament will fall:
For *Witneſs* is a Common Name to all.

Surrounded thus with Friends of every ſort,
Deluded *Abſalom*, forſakes the Court:

Impatient

Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
And Fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a Crown:
Th' admiring Croud are dazled with ſurprize,
And on his goodly Perſon feed their Eyes:
His joy conceal'd, he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their Names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furniſh'd out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts;
Then, with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity e'er he ſpoke:
Few words he ſaid; but eaſie thoſe and fit:
More ſlow than Hybla drops, and far more ſweet.

I mourn, my Country-men, your loſt Eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your Fate:
Behold a baniſh'd man, for your dear Cauſe,
Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws!
Yet oh! that I alone coud be undone,
Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made;
Egypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
And *Jebuſites* your Sacred Rites invade.
My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his Fame:
And brib'd with petty ſums of Foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Bathſheba's* Embraces old:
Exalts his Enemies, his Friends deſtroys:
And all his pow'r againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give my Right away:
But why ſhou'd he his own, and yours betray?
He onely, he can make the Nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
'Tis all the Aid my preſent pow'r ſupplies:

No

No Court-Informer can theſe Arms accuſe;
Theſe Arms may Sons againſt their Fathers uſe;
And, 'tis my wiſh the next Succeſſor's Reign
May make no other *Iſraelite* complain.

Youth, Beauty, Gracefull Action, ſeldom fail:
But Common Intereſt always will prevail:
And Pity never ceaſes to be ſhown,
To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.
The Croud, (that ſtill believe their Kings oppreſs,)
With lifted hands their Young *Meſſiah* bleſs:
Who now begins his Progreſs to ordain;
With Chariots, Horſemen, and a num'rous train:
From Eaſt to Weſt his Glories he diſplays:
And, like the Sun, the promis'd Land ſurveys.
Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star;
And ſhouts of Joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a Guardian God;
And conſecrates the Place of his abode:
But hoſpitable Treats did moſt commend
Wiſe *Iſſachar*, his wealthy Weſtern Friend.
This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes,
And ſeem'd but Pomp, did other Ends diſguiſe:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The Peoples hearts; diſtinguiſh Friends from Foes;
And trie their ſtrength, before they came to Blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious Love, and Duty to their Prince.
Religion, and Redreſs of Grievances,
Two names, that always cheat, and always pleaſe,
Are often urg'd; and good King *David*'s life
Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.
Thus in a Pageant Shew, a Plot is made;
And Peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.

Oh

Oh fooliſh *Iſrael*! never warn'd by Ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe,
In midſt of health imagine a Diſeaſe;
Take pains Contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think! Can People give away,
Both for themſelves and Sons, their native Sway?
Then they are left defenceleſs to the Sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord:
And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe Laws deſtroy.
Yet if the Croud be Judge of fit and Juſt,
And Kings are onely Officers in Truſt,
Then this reſuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
If thoſe who gave the Sceptre coud not tie
By their own deed their own Poſterity,
How then coud *Adam* bind his future Race?
How coud his forfeit on Mankind take place?
Or how coud Heavenly Juſtice damn us all,
Who ne'er conſented to our Fathers Fall?
Then Kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they command,
And Tenants to their Peoples pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the Croud:
For who can be ſecure of private Right,
If Sovereign Sway may be diſſolv'd by Might?
Nor is the Peoples Judgement always true:
The Moſt may err, as groſly as the Few.
And faultleſs Kings run down, by Common Cry,
For Vice, Oppreſſion and for Tyranny.
What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
Which, flowing to the Mark, runs faſter out?
Nor onely Crouds, but *Sanhedrins* may be
Infected with this publick Lunacy:

And ſhare the madneſs of Rebellious Times,
To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes.
If they may give and take when e'er they pleaſe,
Not Kings alone, (the God-heads Images,)
But Government it ſelf at length muſt fall
To Natures State, where all have Right to all.
Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
What prudent men a ſetled Throne woud ſhake?
For whatſoe'er their Sufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them ſuffer more.
All other Errours but diſturb a State;
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttreſs up the Wall,
Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark:
For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.
To change Foundations, caſt the Frame anew,
Is work for Rebels who baſe Ends purſue:
At once Divine and Humane Laws controul;
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
The tamp'ring world is ſubject to this Curſe,
To Phyſick their diſeaſe into a Worſe.

Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?
How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
Friends he has few, ſo high the madneſs grows;
Who dare be ſuch, muſt be the Peoples Foes:
Yet ſome there were, ev'n in the worſt of days;
Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praiſe.

In this ſhort File *Barzillai* firſt appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years:
Long ſince, the riſing Rebels he withſtood
In Regions Waſte beyond the *Jordans* Flood:
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
But ſinking underneath his Maſter's Fate:

In Exile with his God-like Prince he mourn'd:
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Retun'd.
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art:
Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart:
Which, well the Nobleſt Objects knew to chuſe,
The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muſe.
His Bed coud once a Fruitfull Iſſue boaſt;
Now more than half a Father's Name is loſt.
His Eldeſt Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
By me (ſo Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
And always honour'd, ſnatch'd in Manhoods prime:
B' unequal Fates, and Providences crime:
Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
Swift was the Race, but ſhort the time to run.
Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Sea, by Land, thy matchleſs Worth was known;
Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own:
Thy force infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd:
And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune ſtop'd.
Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
Whom Foes unpuniſh'd never coud withſtand!
But *Iſrael* was unworthy of his Name:
Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame.
It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had deſign'd,
And durſt not truſt thy Fortune and thy Mind.
Now, free from Earth, thy diſencumbred Soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry Pole:
From thence thy kindred legions mayſt thou bring,
To aid the guardian Angel of thy King.
Here ſtop, my Muſe, here ceaſe thy painfull flight;
No Pinions can purſue Immortal height:
Tell good *Barzillai* thou canſt ſing no more,
And tell thy Soul ſhe ſhould have fled before;

Or

Or fled ſhe with his life, and left this Verſe
To hang on her departed Patron's Herſe?
Now take thy ſteepy flight from Heav'n, and ſee
If thou canſt find on Earth another He;
Another He would be too hard to find,
See then whom thou canſt ſee not far behind.
Zadoc the Prieſt, whom, ſhunning Pow'r and Place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to *David's* Grace:
With him the *Sagan* of *Jeruſalem*,
Of hoſpitable Soul, and noble Stem;
Him of the Weſtern dome, whoſe weighty ſenſe
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets Sons by ſuch Example led,
To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.
To theſe ſucceed the Pillars of the Laws:
Who beſt coud plead, and beſt can judge a Cauſe.
Next them a train of Loyal Peers aſcend,
Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muſes Friend,
Himſelf a Muſe: ------In *Sanhedrins* debate
True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
Whom *David's* Love with Honours did adorn,
That from his diſobedient Son were torn.
Jotham of piercing Wit and pregnant Thought:
Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
To move Aſſemblies, who but onely tri'd
The worſe a while, then choſe the better ſide:
Nor choſe alone, but turn'd the Balance too;
So much the weight of one brave man can doe.
Huſhai the Friend of *David* in diſtreſs,
In publick ſtorms of manly ſtedfaſtneſs;
By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth:
And joyn'd Experience to his Native Truth.
His frugal care ſuppli'd the wanting Throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:

'Tis

'Tis eaſie Conduct when Exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For Sovereign Power is too depreſt or high,
When Kings are forc'd to ſell, or Crouds to buy.
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muſe,
For *Amiel*; who can *Amiel*'s praiſe refuſe?
Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without Title Great:
The *Sanhedrin* long time as Chief he rul'd,
Their Reaſon Guided, and their Paſſion cool'd;
So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a Loyal Nations Senſe,
That as their Band was *Iſraels* Tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now raſher Chariotiers the Seat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe Cariers his ſteady Skill commend:
They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
Miſguide the Seaſons and miſtake the Way;
While he withdrawn at their mad Labour ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

Theſe were the chief; a ſmall but faithfull Band
Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to ſtand,
And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.
With grief they view'd ſuch powerfull Engines bent,
To batter down the lawfull Government.
A numerous Faction with pretended frights,
In *Sanhedrins* to plume the Regal Rights.
The true Succeſſor from the Court remov'd:
The Plot by hireling Witneſſes improv'd.
Theſe Ills they ſaw, and as their Duty bound,
They ſhew'd the King the danger of the Wound;
That no Conceſſions from the Throne woud pleaſe;
But Lenitives fomented the Diſeaſe:
That *Abſalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
Was made the Lure to draw the People down:

That falſe *Achitophel*'s pernicious Hate,
Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State:
The Council violent, the Rabble worſe:
That *Shimei* taught *Jeruſalem* to Curſe.

With all theſe loads of Injuries oppreſt,
And long revolving in his carefull Breaſt
Th' event of things; at laſt his Patience tir'd,
Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inſpir'd,
The God-like *David* ſpoke; with awfull fear
His Train their Maker in their Maſter hear.

Thus long have I by Native Mercy ſway'd.
My wrongs diſſembl'd, my Revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
So much the Father did the King aſſwage.
But now ſo far my Clemency they ſlight,
Th' Offenders queſtion my Forgiving Right.
That one was made for many, they contend:
But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.
They call my Tenderneſs of Blood, my Fear:
Though Manly tempers can the Longeſt bear.
Yet, ſince they will divert my Native courſe,
'Tis time to ſhew I am not good by Force.
Thoſe heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:
Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the Nations weight:
If my young *Sampſon* will pretend a Call
To ſhake the Column, let him ſhare the Fall:
But oh that yet he would repent and live!
How eaſie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care
Rais'd up to all the height his Frame coud bear:

Had

Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
He woud have giv'n his Soul another turn:
Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whoſe Modern ſenſe
Is one that woud by Law ſupplant his Prince:
The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.
Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws,
Should more be *Abſalom*'s than *David*'s Cauſe?
His old inſtructor, e'er he loſt his Place,
Was never thought indu'd with ſo much Grace.
Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint!
My Rebel ever proves my Peoples Saint:
Woud *They* impoſe an Heir upon the Throne?
Let *Sanhedrins* be taught to give their Own.
A King's at leaſt a part of Government;
And mine as requiſite as their Conſent:
Without my leave a future King to chooſe,
Infers a Right the Preſent to Depoſe:
True, they petition me t'approve their Choiſe:
But *Eſau*'s Hands ſuit ill with *Jacob*'s Voice.
My pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
Which to ſecure, they take my Pow'r away.
From Plots and Treaſons Heav'n preſerve my Years,
But ſave me moſt from my Petitioners.
Unſatiate as the barren Womb or Grave;
God cannot Grant ſo much as they can Crave.
What then is left, but with a Jealous Eye
To guard the Small Remains of Royalty?
The Law ſhall ſtill direct my peacefull Sway,
And the ſame Law teach Rebels to obey:
Votes ſhall no more Eſtabliſh'd Pow'r controul,
Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
No groundleſs Clamours ſhall my Friends remove,
Nor Crouds have Pow'r to Puniſh e'er they Prove:
For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care expreſs,
Still to defend their Servants in diſtreſs.

Oh

Oh that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd:
Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, againſt my mind,
To make Examples of another Kind?
Muſt I at length the Sword of Juſtice draw?
Oh curs'd Effects of neceſſary Law!
How ill my Fear they by my Mercy ſcan,
Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.
Law they require, let Law then ſhew her Face;
They could not be content to look on Grace,
Her Hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye
To tempt the terrour of her front and Die.
By their own Arts 'tis Righteouſly Decreed,
Thoſe dire Artificers of Death ſhall bleed,
Againſt themſelves their Witneſſes will Swear,
Till, Viper-like, their Mother-Plot they tear:
And ſuck for Nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their Principle of Life before.
Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight;
Thus on my Foes, my Foes ſhall doe me Right:
Nor doubt th' event: for Factious Crouds engage
In their firſt Onſet, all their Brutal Rage;
Then, let 'em take an unreſiſted Courſe:
Retire and Traverſe, and Delude their Force:
But when they ſtand all Breathleſs, urge the Fight,
And riſe upon 'em with redoubled might:
For Lawfull Pow'r is ſtill Superiour found,
When long driv'n back, at length it ſtands the ground.

He ſaid. Th' Almighty nodding gave conſent;
And Peals of Thunder ſhook the Firmament.
Henceforth a Series of new time began,
The mighty Years in long Proceſſion ran:
Once more the God-like *David* was Reſtor'd,
And willing Nations knew their Lawfull Lord.

FINIS.